

area and beyond the guard shelter, and stopped again to survey the situation. To my left I spotted three buildings built parallel to the fence and removed slightly from the other structures. Beside the most distant of the three, some cars were parked. This was the only sign of probable occupancy I could observe nearby. I turned left and drove across the hard-packed sandy surface to the last building. There on the side of the building opposite to the street, I parked my car. Three other cars were parked there and now I could see several new pickup trucks lined up on the east side of another building perhaps 50 feet to the south of me.

I turned the key, the engine stopped and everything was quiet with the exception of the traffic passing by on the street beyond the other side of the building.

I sat in my car for a minute while I looked at the black paper sided building I had parked beside and found it had two doors and four windows. One of the doors, about twenty feet from the place I had parked, was open and I could see that a small sign was fastened to the building above the door frame. From my location in the car I was unable to read what it said, but I was reasonably certain this was the location where I was expected to report that morning.

Walking toward the open door of the building after closing and locking the car, the hardpacked sandy surface gave forth sounds like the scratch of a rasp on wood. Stopping momentarily to verify that my shoes were causing the noise, I could hear a murmur of voices coming from the open doorway, I proceeded in that direction. Approaching the doorway my eyes focused on something above and beyond the roof top of the building. It was in the distance and evidently at the corner of the fenced area and the only wooden structure in that direction not covered with black building paper. It towered 20 or 30 feet above all of the other buildings and was constructed of lumber, unpainted and unweathered. At the top of the structure was a platform that appeared from this distance to be six or eight feet square with three foot high sides and covered by a pyramid shaped roof. It was a surveillance tower my instincts told me. I then realized I was within a fence confined area with guard towers on the perimeter.

I stopped at the open door and knocked on the door frame. The conversation inside came to a halt and a gruff but friendly voice said "Come on in". I glanced at the sign above the doorway which read "FRESNO ASSEMBLY CENTER". I stepped inside.